

Pam:
India

MISSION WORK IN INDIA;

ITS PRESENT DIFFICULTIES AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

(*A second Lecture by the Rev. JAMES VAUGHAN, of the Church Missionary Society, delivered at Mowbray, on Monday evening, 29th November, 1858.*)

My dear Friends,—The last time I had the pleasure of addressing you on the subject of Indian Missions, I dealt with the matter in a general way, so as to give you a sort of bird's-eye view of missionary operations. I would now, in accordance with the announcement made, call your attention specially to the peculiar *difficulties* attendant on mission work in India, after which I will point out a few of the *features of hope* which cheer and animate the faithful labourer.

I am persuaded that very much misconception has arisen from the fact that people know so little of India, so little of the peculiarities of the natives, and so little of the obstacles which meet the ambassador of the Cross in his efforts to propagate the blessed gospel. How often do we hear it tauntingly asked by the world,—“What have the missionaries done? For 50 or 60 years have they been carrying on their operations, and, with the exception of a few thousand converts, the whole mass of the people remain as dark and hostile as ever.” Many good people, too, have been inclined to take a desponding view of the matter, and to conclude that the work has been well nigh a failure. But such impressions can only be the result of ignorance as to the real character of the work. I am con-

vinced that whoever takes the trouble, on the one hand, to weigh the tremendous obstacles opposed to the truth in that country, and, on the other, the very trifling efforts which have yet been put forth to meet those obstacles, will rather wonder that so much has been accomplished than complain of a failure.

1. In speaking of the difficulties, it would perhaps be well to say a few words as to the *personal trials* of the missionary. And these, I beg to remark, are next to *nil*. Good-natured people in England have been in the habit of representing the missionary as a *bona fide* martyr. I remember how a poor Irishwoman, with tears in her eyes, tried to dissuade me from going to India :—"Sure, then," said she, "and yer honor will never come back again ; the cratur's will eat ye up, every bit of ye, truth and they will." Perhaps the awful events of the last 18 months may seem, in some measure, to justify my friend's fears. But, up to the time that the mutiny broke out, no missionary and no European had any more reason to apprehend personal violence in India than in England. Young ladies might travel alone through the whole extent of the country entirely unmolested ; and the missionary might pursue his sacred avocation in perfect security, no one daring to make him afraid. And I doubt not, when the present terrible hurricane has passed over, things will return to their usually quiet state. It is true, isolation from one's family and home, and the endurance of a tropical clime, are trials ; but the missionary has no right to complain of these, for they are shared in common by every Englishman who dwells in the country. What, then, are the missionary's trials? They are trials of the mind, of the temper, of faith, and of hope. How severe these crosses are, none but a missionary and his God know. I do not profess to be speaking here so much my own experience, as that of old missionaries who have long borne the burden and heat of the day. I have heard from their lips a vivid description of the heavy cares and soul conflicts which they often endure. Picture such a man to your view. He is stationed, perhaps, in a country district ; many miles intervene between himself and any European ; for months and months he never sees a white face ; the accents of his mother-tongue rarely fall upon his ear ; he is surrounded by dark idolatrous heathen ; the harsh blast of the horn and the sound of the tom-tom, calling to idol-worship, from morning to night are heard around. He reflects on his solitary,

feeble condition,—the only witness for Christ amidst thousands of bigoted pagans. He gets comfort from the word of his Saviour, "Lo! I am with you always." He hastens to the conflict. Now, he stands surrounded by a crowd of listeners. Some are attentive and interested; the missionary rejoices and takes courage. But he observes a party of proud, philosophic, heartless Brahmins advance. They attack him with all kinds of subtle queries; they assail him with all kinds of blasphemous remarks. He attempts to answer, but one after another interrupts him. They wish not to hear his replies,—their only object is to baffle and provoke him. The day is scorching hot, the perspiration is streaming down his face,—for a moment his temper fails, he shows irritation. Now his adversaries have gained their point. Cool and collected, the Brahmin addresses the people:—"See here, the missionary is angry! he comes to teach us the true religion, but that religion has not taught him to govern his temper. Go home, sir, go home, and learn better yourself, before you come to enlighten us!" A cry of approbation breaks from the crowd, and the missionary's heart sinks within him, as he slowly retires to his closet and his knees. The next day he returns afresh to the charge,—and so he goes on month after month, year after year. Oh! how his soul yearns after some token for good. Oh! that he could but see some melting of heart, some pricking of conscience. But, no; all remains the same,—the Brahmins as obstinate, the people as stolid; nay, the very familiarity which they acquire with the truths of the gospel, the very frequency with which they hear them, appears only to render them less and less impressible. Now, the enemy assails him with doubts and misgivings:—"What can be the cause of this barrenness? Perhaps I am not in my right place; I may have run without being sent. Had I not better retire from the fruitless contest?" He gets letters from home, asking after his success; he is obliged to return answer,—*"Alas! my leanness."* Perhaps he hears his friends express wonder and dissatisfaction. "Are you faithful?—are you laborious?—are you prayerful?" He hopes he is so, according to his ability; still he cannot account for the absence of fruit. All this time his body is feeling the enervating effects of the climate, his animal spirits are being dried up, and his soul, he feels most certainly, is becoming deadened by the moral atmosphere of corruption which he is compelled to breathe. This may give you some idea of

a missionary's trials. I am not speaking at random, for I have even now in my eye several honoured, able, holy men—men who have grown grey in the work—whose experience has been just what I have depicted. Need I, dear christian brethren, say more to remind you of the obligation to hold up the hands of those men, by your prayers and intercessions to a Throne of Grace?

2. One of the principal difficulties to be noticed, is the great paucity of labourers in India. I believe one of the good results of the Mutiny will be the opening of people's minds to this fact. At home it has been the fashion, all along, to speak of India, New Zealand, N. W. America, and Western Africa, pretty much in the same way as mission stations. But comparatively few persons have borne in mind that, by the side of India, any one of those other stations is only as the drop of a bucket, and that the whole put together do not furnish us with a sphere so extensive and important as India is in itself. Only think, dear friends, of a population of 150 millions;—such is the population of Hindustan. Next contemplate the *prodigious* provision made for their spiritual enlightenment. Put all the missionaries together, of all the different Protestant Societies, and you have a body (I speak in round numbers) of about 600 men. 600 missionaries for 150 millions of heathen! Look at England. There you have a population of some 17 millions, and these are supplied with between 30 and 40 thousand clergy and ministers of one kind or another. Yet you hear of districts in England—yea, even in London itself—practically heathen. What, then, do you suppose would be the state of England if, instead of its 30,000 ministers, it had no more than 60? And this would be in proportion to the supply made for India. Or, to apply the illustration to this place,—suppose, instead of the goodly number of ministers which you possess, the whole of Cape Colony were to be left with only 2 or 3. what think you would be the result? Surely, instead of Christianity making an advance, the little light would speedily become darkness. I could point you, in India, to district after district, containing one, two, three, and four millions of people, where not a single missionary is to be met with,—in whose sad and dreary regions the glad tidings of salvation have scarcely once been heard. Take the province of Oude as a specimen. Without doubt, our recent troubles have originated mainly from that country; and I believe I am quite right

in stating that up to the time of the outbreak not a single missionary was to be found in the whole of that populous district. The truth is, the seed of Gospel-truth, instead of being wide-cast over the whole face of the country of India, is confined to a few insignificant patches, which stand out here and there like bright oases in the midst of a mighty, unbroken desert. Talk of little success! Why it is very much like mocking God to furnish such dribbling means and then demand great results. When men lend to one another they are satisfied with 5 *per cent.* but in their loans to the Lord they expect 500. Oh! that God would grant his people heads with *common sense* and hearts to devise *liberal things*. A convinced Hindoo was once talking to a missionary who was about to return to England:—"Sir," said he, "urge the Christian people in England to send us more missionaries. Tell them that although our gods never spoke before, they will all have tongues to condemn them at the last day, if they do not come to our rescue."

3. Another serious difficulty to be noticed relates to the *native languages*. This, too, has been scarcely thought of by most persons in their estimate of the results of missionary effort. But every missionary knows how sorely his usefulness is impeded (for many years at least) by his inefficiency in the vernacular. In this respect we see what a marked contrast there is between the modern and the primitive missionary. The Apostles went forth into all lands, fully conversant with all languages,—speaking them, no doubt, with all the ease and fluency of natives. The modern missionary has to toil 2 or 3 years at study before he can stand up and deliver his precious message to a crowd of heathen. And then how sadly conscious he is that, at best, he is only speaking with stammering lips. His idiom is foreign, his accent foreign; bright and glorious ideas are in his head, Christian love and sympathy are glowing in his breast; but his tongue, oh! his tongue, is well nigh tied. 7 or 10 years must pass over before he can hope, with fluency, perspicuity, and power, to commend the truth to the consciences of his hearers. If you wish to understand how this difficulty interferes with the success of the work, just suppose that next Sunday, instead of listening to the familiar language of your own pastor, you have to strain your ears and tax your brains to make out the sense of a discourse by some lisping, faltering, blundering Frenchman,—do you think

you would be much edified? and suppose you were doomed, every Sabbath, to listen to such French-English, would you not be inclined to think it very much of a bore? Well, now, bear in mind that, with the exception of certain veterans, who, by an age of patient labour, have mastered the difficulty, the great body of missionaries are subject to this disadvantage. I have a friend, who, when he attempted to preach after two years' study, was sadly taken aback by a man in the crowd shaking his head and saying,—"I am sorry to say, sir, I cannot understand English."

But this is not all. It is no very serious matter for an European to acquire enough of an Oriental language to answer all his domestic purposes. Every lady in India is thoroughly up with the common terms, and can with great facility order her servant to "*grill the murgie*," or scold him as a "*nimuk haram*" (for, between you and me, some of the ladies are quite adepts in the scolding department). A civilian, also, may be quite familiar with the ordinary business or law terms; but the missionary has to do with theology,—he has to bring before the people's minds human depravity, justification, and redemption—doctrines to which they are strangers, and to express which their language furnishes no equivalent. If, for instance, we use the best word we can find for *sin* (*pap*), they understand by it some ceremonial defilement or some neglect of idolatrous observances. If we use their word for holiness, *punyo*, they will reply,—“Ah! sahib, that is true, we must be holy, and therefore we should bathe every day in the Ganges, and pay the Brahmin to make *pujah*” (worship). If we employ their word for atonement, *praioschitha*, they understand the rehearsal of unmeaning prayers, and the offering of rice and flowers to their god. If we speak of the new-birth, they suppose you imply their notion of transmigration, or the passing of the soul into another body after death. So that, you will perceive, it is only by a wearisome circumlocution, and by a series of vivid illustrations (such as a novice cannot employ), that anything like a clear view of christian truth can be conveyed to their minds.

4. Again, if we contemplate the peculiar character of the Hindoo, we shall be led to regard him as of all men the least susceptible (humanly speaking) of impression by the glorious truths of the Gospel. His moral features are of the lowest possible stamp; but it is not so much his *wickedness* which constitutes the chief barrier to the en-



trance of the truth,—it is the *disingenuousness* of his nature. We know full well that the preaching of Christ crucified is the power of God unto salvation to the Jew and also to the Gentile ;—we know (for we have evidence of this in every land) that this powerful lever can elevate fallen man from the deepest abyss of sin into which he may have fallen. But the Gospel appeals to something in man of which the Hindoo appears to be almost destitute. A sense of obligation, gratitude for a favor, a feeling of sympathy,—these are traits which you can scarcely ever find amongst Hindoos. Generally speaking, they appear totally unable to realise what we mean by *pure gratitude*. Shew them any amount of kindness whatever,—confer upon them as many benefits as you please,—and they will make you, it is true, 10,000 salams, but, depend upon it, they are not grateful,—they feel themselves placed under no obligation,—and the man who owes everything to your bounty, who prostrates himself to the earth before you, would be ready at any moment to do you the greatest injury, if it appeared that he could gain more by such conduct. How has this been strikingly illustrated during the present rebellion ! An army pampered and petted beyond precedent, and gratified in all their childish whims, has lifted up its heel against us, and tried to recompense its indulgent rulers by sweeping them off the face of the earth. Again, a Hindoo does not know what *forgiveness* means. They never forgive one another, and if they are forgiven, they conclude that it is because their masters have not power to punish, or they attribute it to some sinister motive. See how this feature has come out in the Mutiny :—rebellious regiments, which any other government than ours would have annihilated, have been pardoned and restored, and they have rewarded our leniency by turning their arms against us at the very first opportunity. Now, all this may give you to see how very unpromising a soil is the heart of a Hindoo for the germinating of the seed of truth. The man who has no sense of gratitude, can his bosom throb at the sweet notes of divine love and compassion for sinners ? The man who does not understand what mercy is, can he melt under the offer of a blood-bought pardon ? The man who never felt himself laid under an obligation, can he be expected to surrender his body, soul, and spirit to the Lord, as his reasonable service ? Thank God, such a man may be given to feel what by nature he is quite a stranger to. Thank God, many, very many have been brought to feel how much

they owe to redeeming love ; yes, we have those, who, from their inmost souls can exclaim—

“ Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing—so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.”

And there are those, too, amongst our Christians (as the late troubles have testified) who would be ready to seal with their blood their devotion to Christ. We do not limit the power of divine grace,—there is nothing too hard for the Lord to do ; but I think you must all agree, that speaking after the manner of man, there is in the very nature of the Hindoo, a strong antecedent improbability of his conversion.

5. But how very much is the difficulty increased when you consider their complicated system of theology and their philosophical turn of mind. It should be borne in mind, that the missionary in India has not to deal with a savage and stupid race, but with a subtle, refined, and intelligent people. He has not to do with heathens who have no defined ideas on religion ; but with a nation whose mythology dates back to a period long anterior to the Christian era ; whose dogmas are copiously written in their holy books ; and whose priests, numbering perhaps one-twentieth of the population, are carefully trained in all the mysteries of their theory. You can easily perceive what a phalanx of opposition the Gospel has to encounter at the very threshold. “ Why,” says the Hindo, “ should I renounce my faith, revered by my ancestors for a thousand generations, to embrace one of which I know nothing ? Why should I cast away my time-honored Shasters, over which holy Brahmins have for ages pondered and prayed, and receive your Bible, of which I never heard before ? Why should I forsake my ancient sacerdotal order, and take a white man for my priest ? ”

Observe, further, what a tremendous obstacle *caste* presents to missionary success. We know how natural pride, unassisted by such a principle, deters multitudes from embracing the Gospel. But see what a struggle it must cost the Hindoo to become a Christian. From the Coolin Brahmin to the despised Sudra, all feel in a greater or less degree the pride of caste. Christianity recognises no caste. It tells the proud Brahmin,—“ Your fancied elevation is a cheat ; you are all one with the meanest of the mean ; in Christ Jesus there is neither Brahmin, Khytria, nor Sudra,

—all are on one level in Him.” The Brahmin kicks most at the degradation ; but the Sudra spurns it likewise, for he is higher, far higher, as he thinks, than the Christian, who has no caste at all. To this must be added, the strong personal interest which the Brahmin has in the question. So long as he remains a Brahmin, he is honored by the people as a god, and his wants are bountifully supplied out of their liberality ; but let Christianity prevail, and his worship and his gain are for ever lost. It is, therefore, no wonder that the Brahmin fights most resolutely, and, alas ! most effectually, against the progress of the Gospel. It is amusing sometimes to hear their arguments in support of their cherished caste. I will give you one which I heard myself. The missionary was maintaining the doctrine that “God hath made, of one blood, all men to dwell upon the earth.” A Brahmin interposed:—“Sahib, that cannot be true ; there must be a division of the human family into castes, otherwise one portion of God’s work differs from another.” The missionary:—“God has made no divisions, He has made all men as one family ; it is *you* who have broken that family into sections.” Brahmin:—“There must be an analogy in God’s works ; and, now, just reflect : does not the principle of caste run through every part of the creation ? Look at the vegetable kingdom ; how numerous and various are the species of plants ! Look also at the brutes ; are they all of one kind ? What an endless variety of animals do you find ! But, now, when we come to man, according to the Christian’s account, the rule is changed ; here is no variety, nothing but an unbroken sameness ; all are one.” Such was the argument of my friend. You will at once detect the fallacy in his reasoning. It was answered:—“True, my friend, there are diversities in God’s creation ; but what enables you to say there are different species of plants and animals ? Is it not because *you see them to be different* ? You see the plantain different to the mango tree—hence you say it belongs to another class ; you see the dog differently formed to the horse—hence you call it a different species. Now, if you will point out to me the contrast between yourself and the Sudra, either in body or mind, I will at once admit that you are of different castes ; but since I see you exactly alike, I must conclude you are both one.”

6. Again, few persons in their estimate of missionary success, reflect how heavy is the cross which a converted Hindoo has to take up. Ah, brethren ! it costs you nothing

but your sins to become the disciples of Jesus ; it is a more serious bargain with the Hindoo. See, there is a young man,—he has been trained in a mission school. The reading of God's Word has shewn him the error of idolatry ; he is convinced of the truth of Christianity. What shall he do ? His conscience says,—“ Embrace the truth.” Nature replies, “ Ah ! but how can I endure to be cast out from my father's house : how can I part with all that is dear to me ? How can I bear to see my poor mother and sisters wailing over me as dead ? How can I see myself scorned, loathed, shunned, by all who now flatter and court me ? If I become a Christian, I am cast adrift on the wide world. If I am hungry, no one will give me a morsel to eat ; if I am sick, no one will give me medicine ; and when I die I shall be thrown out like a dog.” Such is the prospect of a converted Hindoo ; and is it strange—is it inconceivable, that many shrink from taking up such a cross ? Ask yourselves, dear friends, are you sure you would take it up yourselves ? I could point you to scores, yea, I might say *hundreds*, of young men in Calcutta, who are convinced of the truth of Christianity, and would embrace it, but for this soul-chilling prospect. Oh, then, instead of wondering at their hanging back, let us implore God that He will give them a martyr's spirit, to count all things but dross and dung, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord.

7. Another great obstacle to missionary success is the *condition of females* in India. It is said of Napoleon Buonaparte, that when asked what part of the community he wished to enlist in his favor, he replied, “ The mothers ; give me the mothers and I will secure all the rest.” But in India we cannot get the mothers. No, the poor females are kept in a state of the deepest ignorance and abasement. They are regarded by their husbands as decidedly an inferior order of creature ; they are treated as if they were a kind of domestic animal, rather than as being the helpmeet and companion to man. Excepting the poorest of the poor, the females are never suffered to go abroad ; they are shut up like prisoners in rooms, with barred windows and ground glass. Scarcely ever can the missionary reach their ear. Now and then, as he stands by the side of a native house, he may occasionally catch the twinkle of bright eyes looking through the loop-holes with instinctive curiosity at the white man, as he delivers his strange message. But no sooner does his eye meet theirs, than the timid creatures rush away like frightened hares ; and thus

they live and die without any object in life,—without any hope for the life to come. The sum total of their knowledge consists of idolatrous and wicked legends, and these they instil into the minds of their offspring from day to day. I am fully convinced that great things cannot be expected in India, until woman is raised to something like her natural position. Oh! how many of us can testify to the blessed, the sanctified influence of a Christian mother. I believe it will never be known, until eternity reveals it, how much the Church has been indebted to woman. Dear Christian ladies, can you forget how much you owe to the blessed Gospel? The Gospel, and the Gospel alone, has made you what you are—the pride, the delight, the comfort of man. Oh then! pity your poor degraded sisters in the East, and as far as in you lies, stretch out the right hand of your charity towards them.

8. In enumerating the opposing influences which the missionary has to contend with, I cannot help alluding (though I would fain not do so) to the sad example of Europeans in India. I dislike much casting reflections upon any of my countrymen, but the fact is patent and undeniable that the godless lives of the great majority of Europeans present a serious obstacle to the triumph of Gospel truth. I do not refer simply to our soldiers and sailors,—though these fine fellows, with all their noble qualities, are through their profligacy, a sore hindrance to our efforts. I allude rather to Europeans generally of every grade. You are, of course, familiar with the proverb, that “The Englishman on his way to India, leaves his religion at the Cape.” Now, this ought to make the Cape a very religious place, but its effect is otherwise on India. Thank God! India can shew many noble specimens of devotion to God, amongst both military and civil officers. You may here and there meet a man high in station whose piety is of the most exalted character. Such was Lawrence, and Havelock, and Thomason; and such are not a few still living whose names I could mention. Still, the inconsistent, ungodly lives of the great bulk of our countrymen in India, sadly counteracts the efforts of the missionary. How often, when he is preaching to the people about the principles of Christianity, has he to listen to a remark like the following:—“You talk to us about *our* wickedness—look to your own countrymen, they are as wicked as we are, and gratify their passions as freely as we do. You talk to us about our covetousness—look to your brethren; what have they come here for? Only to

get money. Rupees! Rupees! is all their cry; and many care not how they oppress us, so long as they get rich. You tell us Christianity is a religion of love—how is this shewn by your countrymen? They call us dogs, and pigs, and fools; they kick, they scorn, they hate us;—and is this the religion you commend to us? We don't want it; we won't have it; we are better as we are."

9. But now, I must call your attention to what is in fact, the grand, the principal, barrier to the progress of the Gospel, *i.e. the offence of the Cross*. Nothing strikes the missionary more than this fact; and nothing illustrates more forcibly the truth, that "the carnal mind is enmity against God." *Christ crucified* was in the Apostles' days, a stumbling-block to the Jews, and foolishness to the Greeks. Christ crucified has been a rock of offence ever since to man in his unrenewed state; and Christ crucified is the one thing against which the Hindoo objects. You may talk as long as you please of the attributes of the Deity, and the glory of His works. Here you find no opposition. They will acknowledge all you say to be just and true. But the moment you point out to them a crucified Saviour as their only hope, they are offended, and turn a deaf ear to your message. One day a friend of mine was preaching, when a Brahmin interrupted him by saying,— "Sahib, a great deal of what you say is very true. We can go with you a long way. We admire all you say about the holiness, majesty, and power of God; we agree with you in your praise of virtue and condemnation of vice; but the misfortune is, that you spoil all this by telling us to believe in Jesus Christ who was crucified. This we cannot do; only leave *that* out in your preaching, and depend upon it you will make plenty of converts." Now, this, as it is the *chief* difficulty, so it is one which God alone can remove. To bend the heart, to humble the spirit, to lead the proud self-sufficient sinner meekly to cast himself for mercy on the merits and atonement of Christ, is what *no man* can do. And this is a difficulty which every minister of the Gospel feels, whether he labour amongst heathens or nominal Christians. The Spirit of God alone can bring a man to cry, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." We can, however, pray that God may vouchsafe to pour out upon ourselves, and upon the heathen, a large measure of the Spirit's influence, and we know who has said, that "He will give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

II. I have dwelt so long upon the difficulties of the work, that I have only a little space left for the bright side of the picture. However, I must shew you that all is not dark. There are features of hope and encouragement, blessed be God! for which we cannot be too grateful.

1. One of the difficulties alluded to, was a paucity of labourers. How strangely does God work! Before the Mutiny broke out, the cry had gone forth from India, for many years, "Come over and help us." But the appeal seemed almost unheeded. Missionaries, instead of being sent by hundreds, came dribbling in by ones and twos. The rebellion, like a tremendous earthquake, shook the slumbering Church at home, aroused her to a sense of her obligations; and now every missionary society is sending out a large reinforcement of labourers to that benighted, blood-stained land. One cannot help observing, in this event, how signally the devil has overreached himself. I fully believe that the great enemy excited this struggle in the hope of securing the downfall of Christianity. You may call it what you please—a political manoeuvre—a Mohammedan trick. You may attribute it to the greased cartridge, or whatever else you like. The simple truth is, it has been a *fight between the Dragon and the Lamb*. Satan felt his kingdom tottering, and he resolved to make a stand. He marshalled his infuriated hosts, and led them to the charge. "Down with Christ!" was the watchword which pealed from their ranks. He was sure of victory, and he inspired his emissaries with mad confidence too.—"The day has come! the day has come!" was their rapturous shout. But no, the day had not come. Jesus—the blessed Jesus—has prevailed. Martyr's blood, it is true, has been shed; the bones of thousands of our brave troops are bleaching in an Indian sun, but the banner of the cross still waves triumphant over Hindustan. And oh! brethren, are we not justified in looking forward to the time, as not far distant, when the *doctrines* of the cross shall be loved and gloried in by India's sons and daughters?

2. Another feature of hope is, the fact that the trammels of caste are being gradually loosened. It is true, our government has done all it could to preserve caste intact; but it is of no use. *Caste is doomed*. The very fact of intercourse with Europeans; the facilities afforded for employment in government situations, and on railways; the receiving of an English education;—all these things are

slowly, but surely, undermining the whole system of caste. You must understand, that according to the Shasters, no Brahmin ought to engage in any secular duty whatever ; he ought to live in some secluded spot, and spend his whole time in meditation and prayer. But now, you may see thousands of Brahmins engaged in mercantile pursuits or employed as clerks in offices, and along the line. According to their holy books, they ought never to touch animal food, drink wine, or put on shoes ; now, hundreds of them daily transgress the Shasters in all these respects. Of course, the consequence of all this is to lower the Brahminical order in the eyes of the common people. Formerly, the people would kiss the feet of the Brahmin—nay, they would think it a privilege to drink the water in which he had washed his feet. But now such scenes are becoming very rare. The impression is beginning to get abroad that, after all, the Brahmin is nothing more than an ordinary creature.

3. Another point of interest is,—the readiness of the people to hear the Gospel. I can speak from my own experience,—and it is the experience of almost every Missionary,—that the people have no dislike to the preaching of the truth. When the Mutiny was at its zenith, and the whole country was, as it were, reeling to and fro, I went with another missionary on a preaching tour to many of the towns and villages of Bengal. Nothing would have been easier than to have quietly disposed of us, unprotected and unarmed as we were ; but in no instance did we receive any ill-treatment. On the contrary, the people gave us a hearty welcome, and assured us they were quite prepared to hear anything we had got to say on the subject of religion. And this is what the missionary finds almost everywhere. The people will, at least, listen, and certainly this is a matter of rejoicing ; for whether they obey the truth or not, it is sure that christian knowledge is being extensively diffused ; and who can doubt that, in the end, this must turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel.

4. I spoke of the condition of females as a great drawback. I am happy to say that there is a prospect of this obstacle being removed, at least in some degree. The young men trained in our English schools begin to feel the importance of having partners also educated and trained ; the consequence has been, the opening of many female schools. In Madras, female education has advanced won-

derfully. In Calcutta, we have stronger prejudice to encounter ; still we are gaining ground. We have schools in which the daughters of the highest castes are now being instructed. And we have besides, an institution in which European girls are trained to become private teachers to the wives and daughters of the native gentry. Several of these are now employed daily in visiting the females in their seclusion, and imparting to them the rudiments of learning,—endeavouring at the same time to lead them to a knowledge of Him whom to know is life eternal. This is surely a feature of hope.

5. I will only mention one more circumstance, and this, I think you will agree with me, is well worthy of note. I allude to the fact of a wide-spread, I might say *general*, impression amongst the natives, that christianity will prevail—that Hindooism will fall. There is no mistake about this. All classes have a conviction that the national faith is declining, and that sooner or later it must give place to the Gospel. It is no uncommon thing for the missionary, when preaching, to hear the people admit this. They will say :—“ We know quite well, that although we now reject your message, the time is coming when we shall all be christians ; your religion must in the end triumph.” This was the general feeling before the outbreak, and, I have no doubt, that the defeat of the Mutiny will tend considerably to heighten the impression. Some years ago a Brahmin published a remarkable book. Its design was to defend Hindooism against the assaults of the missionaries. In the preface the writer speaks to the following effect :—“ I do not expect by this book to save our national faith. It is my opinion that it must and will fall ; but in the same way as we give a sick man medicine until he dies, or prop up a building until it falls, so I feel it my duty to the last to defend the doctrines of our holy Shasters.” God grant that the sick man may soon breathe his last ! God grant that the tottering edifice may speedily crumble into ruins ! This must certainly come to pass ! and I think the day is not far distant. I dwelt long on the difficulties of the work, because I think it important that people should understand this point, in order to check unreasonable expectations ; but be it remembered these are only difficulties *with us*. “ Is anything too hard for the Lord to do ? Is His hand shortened that it cannot save ? Who art thou, O great mountain ? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.” When the Lord makes bare His holy

arm in the sight of all nations, then all these obstacles shall flee before Him like chaff before the wind. When the Sun of Righteousness arises in latter-day brightness on this dark world, then all those mists and shadows will melt away like a morning cloud. O! will it not be a glorious, a blessed time, when the Redeemer shall reign triumphant over all nations; when Ethiopia, the land in which you dwell, shall stretch out her hands unto God; when Hindustan, with her teeming millions, shall bow herself to His meek control, and when one universal song of praise shall ascend from this now sin-stricken, suffering world—"Glory be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever!"

Dear Friends, if you long for this time, let me ask you, what are you doing to hasten its approach? Are you doing anything? I cannot help expressing the regret I have felt at finding so little missionary interest at the Cape. Few persons shew anything like a deep concern in the spread of the Gospel. This cannot be as it ought to be; and I pray God that you may each be stirred up from this time, to ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?" Ask the question with a sincere heart, and depend upon it you will have a clear answer. The Spirit of God may whisper to some young man, "Give *thyself* to the work." He may suggest to some young lady, "Try what you can collect from your friends for the Lord's treasury." He may put it into the hearts of many, to become subscribers to the missionary cause, and certainly all will find that they can do something. I feel sure that your esteemed pastor is quite prepared to direct and assist you in this matter. I believe he purposes holding periodically a missionary meeting, when he will tell you something of the Lord's work amongst the heathen; and I may promise you that if God permit me to continue my labours in India, I shall stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance, by sending you, from time to time, a missionary letter. I have only one word more, and it is this, "What thou doest, do *quickly*!" In Western Africa a missionary called his converts together, and told them he wanted them to consider whether they could not afford something for sending the Gospel to their heathen countrymen. "I don't want your money now," he said, "but go home and think of it, and then tell me what you can do." Upon this, a poor Negro Christian came hobbling up on a wooden leg;—putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a parcel of money, and laying it down,